

A Forgotten Idyll

Sketches In Verse and Clay

W. W. Scottfield

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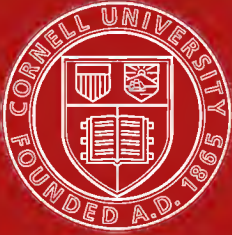
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A forgotten idyll and sketches in verse



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A Forgotten Idyll
and
Sketches in Verse and Clay
by
W. B. SCOFIELD



*Cast in one mold from the first natal day,
The two in one; the noble,—base in mind,—
The gift and curse! By whom were they bestowed
Together, on the race of human kind?*

PRIVATELY PRINTED
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE



Florence Scofield Thayer

*To My Sister
Florence Scofield Thayer
This book is affectionately
dedicated*

INTRODUCTION

THIS BOOK IN ADDITION TO "A FORGOTTEN IDYLL AND SKETCHES IN VERSE AND CLAY," CONTAINS MOST OF THE POEMS I WROTE DURING OR IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THE WAR. IT ALSO GIVES PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTIONS OF SOME OF MY WORK IN SCULPTURE DURING THAT PERIOD. I HAVE INCLUDED AN EDITION OF "VERSES", WHICH I FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1914.

WILLIAM BACON SCOFIELD.

Worcester, Massachusetts.
February 24, 1921.



Portrait Sketch

A FORGOTTEN IDYLL*

Of all King Arthur's court was Launcelot called
The bravest and the best; yet was he caught
Within the golden net of Guinevere,
And all his pride was prisoned in the mesh;
And, broken by his shame, with all his kin,
He journeyed over-seas to his own realm.
And soon thereafter was the Table Round
Naught but a memory. The knightly vows
Which Arthur ever practised and upheld
Were followed by a plague of evil things;
For those who later ruled were petty lords,
Or chiefs of robber bands, whose only law
Was lust; and there was none to cleanse the land
And build a court like that of Arthur's time.
But as a dung-hill sometimes may enrich
The roots of some fair plant whose blossoms seem
Of Paradise — their petals angel wings —
So, in the festering ruin of the realm,
Ungrew a youth, so sure of eye and hand,
So gracious in his mien and in his speech,
That all who knew Prince Launcelot were bemused
And whispered one to other the same thought —
"Sir Launcelot of the Lake, himself, is he
Or else the son of Launcelot and the Queen."

Written for the 129th Anniversary Dinner of the Worcester Fire
Society

But whether bastard of the royal bed
Or strolling unknown knight it matters not,
For he e'er wrought upon the minds of all
Both by wise counsel and by knightly deed;
For he was wise as Merlin was of old;
And some would have it he had broke the spell
By Vivian cast on Merlin years before
And that the sage, aroused from living death,
Had given him, his rescuer, power
To know men's hidden thoughts as if revealed.
And, so the time went by and more and more
The people trusted him till came the day,
Appointed by the Fates when with one voice
They hailed him king and called him Arthur too
In praise of him who formed the Table Round.
And he, in emulation of that King,
Sought everywhere throughout the broken realm
To cast out evil, to restore the right,
To purify the land and so bring back
The goodly customs of the goodly times.
The King reclaimed the waste and barren lands
Where ever outlaws ruled to still misrule;
And Ulrich, the wild Earl, who cast his lot
With all those savage hordes, more beasts than men,
By his own hand had Arthur overthrown.

A later day to Camelot there came
To yield allegiance to the youthful King
The bandit chief. He came with sullen mien
And, though his tongue dropped honey, in his heart
Was gall. He lodged with his own kith and kin,
Whose ancient hall was still a stronghold great
That crowned a hill outside the city wall;
And insolent he grew, forgetting quite,
The gift of life he had from Arthur's hand.
In his own land his wilful word was law,
Son of a son of earls and earl himself,
When more than boy yet somewhat less than man,
He counsel took of none but of himself.
That, which his heart desired, with his strong hand
He held; that which displeased him cast aside.
And though a subject of the new-crowned King
He held himself as equal; bandied words
With those who kept alive the scandal old
Of Guinevere and Launcelot; laughed aloud
At tales of Modred spying on the Queen,
And smiled, behind the cover of his hand,
Whene'er was told the story of Elaine.
Of that great King who formed the Table Round
He struck his fist into his palm and cried—
"He kept his board far better than his bed"
And of the younger Arthur would declare
"He may be son of Vivian, the bawd."

One day this Ulrich, in his evil mood,
Rode unattended through the forest ways
And, in his thought, seemed almost to himself
Like some wild creature of the lonely wood.
“For what is left,” he thought, “to me who once
Had pride in life and pride in power and place,
Now that from being master I am slave,
Slave to this youthful Arthur, this new King,
Who overthrew me not so much by skill
Or strength of arm as by the creeping fear
That worked within my mind when fronting him,
That he indeed was Launcelot come once more
To battle for the throne! And that same fear
Which men before me had of that great knight
Fell over me. I thought if this be he
My sands are run, and woke from waking trance
To find myself unhorsed and asking life
From one of my own age, of lesser bulk,
Of lesser skill, of lesser strength and wit.”
And, turning this and that within his mind,
The pleasant forest ways seemed ways of death
And Nature’s touch, though gentle, seemed to smite
His quivering nerves; and with his mighty sword
He slashed at saplings growing in his path.

And thoughts of Thelda rose within his mind,
He seemed to see her as she looked that day
When he had sought her hand, pale, haughty, cold,
Distant as some white star. And once again
Her voice struck on his ear scathing yet low
As when she said him nay. "You call yourself,"
She cried, "The Earl of Doorn; and yet to me
You seem not earl or lord or knight or squire
Nor worthy page nor groom nor serving lad
Nor peer of any man upon this earth
Who holds his honor higher than his heel.
So, being what you are, I bid you go,
Since being as I am I will remain"
That was a twelve month gone and since that day
How often had he tried to capture her
By treachery, by promise of reform,
By every artifice his subtle mind
Could frame—till hopeless quite, and mad with rage,
He spread abroad a story that the mald
Had plotted treason 'gainst the youthful king
And would betray him even to his death.
He, the accuser, would defend the charge
"Where shall she find a champion" thought he
"To match against me, Ulrich of the Doorns?"
And in the thinking he exclaimed aloud
"The vixen shall be humbled in the dust"
But, even as he spoke, shrill laughter rose

From some dense thicket close beside the way
And a wild voice, scarce human in its note,
Replied — "Beware the Forest Knight, Earl Doorn.
He gave no sign of having heard the sound
And rode a goodly distance through the wood
Before he sought the darkening homeward path;
But, ere he reached his kinsman's lofty towers,
That elfish warning shrilly rang once more.

* * * * *

Thelda, the fair, the queen of loveliness,
Was prisoned in the castle's strongest tower
Her only visitor old Dagonet,
Erst jester of the court and Table Round,
And sole survivor of those glorious days
When knighthood meant the service of the Lord.
"Mark you, fair Lady," quoth old Dagonet,
"How you and I, who always have appeared
The last extremes of beauty, now have met
As all extremes must meet; you, tall and straight;
I, little, crook'd and warped and growing old;
And yet, methinks my body's very twists
Are lines of curving beauty; my bald pate
A shining mirror is that but reflects
The light while, underneath its beaming curve,
My busy brain reflects and lights the world.
And we are both constrained and may not pass
Our prison doors. You find yourself enwrapped
By bolts and bars, a temporary gaol,

While I have found my body but a cell
Whose cruel walls have broke my Fancy's wings;
And in your danger we shall both be tried
For, if your champion and your cause o'erthrown
They give your beauty to the test of fire,
My heart, I think, will be a living coal
To burn me like a candle to the end.
I know, dear Thelda, I shall die with you.
If I might only take your place and go
Alone to join the King of my own youth
Where he is waiting for his twisted Fool
To make him merry in that distant Isle,
Avilion, while he bides his destined hour.”
To him the maid replied — “Peace, my good Fool,
You may not take my place. It is not meet;
For God has fashioned all our shoulders so
They fit but to one cross. And that is ours
To bravely bear without complaint or fear.
How should I meet my father who was knight,
And not the least, of that proud Table Round
If I had cast, could it indeed be so,
My burden on your weak and crookèd back?
Nay, though I thank you for your loving thought,
I would not buy my soul's salvation thus.
And champions have I of the noble knights
That grace our goodly Court, and they have sworn
To bring this Ulrich to the very dust

And bend his pride and break his wicked power;
To one of them will I commit my cause."
"The ocean" Dagonet replied, "may bid
It's spume and spray to shatter some huge cliff
That blocks its onslaught on the peaceful shore;
The lightning may a waxen taper bid
To rend a giant oak that year by year
Has mocked its jagged stroke. But cliff and tree
Shall stand, as if no spume had ever blown,
As if no taper balefully had burned.
Of all the knights of all the court, my child,
There is not one whose perfect skill at arms
May overthrow Earl Doorn. Have you not marked
How, since he came to Camelot, every joust
Has seen him carry off the prize with ease;
In single fight has Ulrich been supreme,
And whatsoever party he doth lead
That party still prevails. The King himself
Has marvelled at this rude knight's matchless skill
And would, himself, have met him in the lists
If cares of state had not controlled his mind.
Of all the knights who would espouse your cause
Not one can clip this caitiff's haughty crest;
And though you trust your soul to God, sweet maid,
Trust not your life to any of these knights
Whose youthful ardor far outruns their skill.
And yet to Camelot there is lately come

A knight in whom the elements are met
To stand us in good stead — He is unknown
To all the Court save Ulrich and myself;
For penance are his titles laid aside.
His only name is now the Forest Knight.”
And Thelda knew that Dagonet spake truth,
That not a gallant knight of all the realm,
Save only the young King, had faintest hope
To save himself or her 'gainst Ulrich's lance.
Herself had heard the elders oft times say
That even Launcelot, in his prime, had been
Scarce more than equal of the bandit Earl.
So it was planned as Dagonet desired;
Her honor and her life were placed with one
Unknown to her but still she trusted God.
Old Dagonet, the jester, went his way
And capered through the fields, as in his youth.
And capering he hummed this simple song —
“The day is all too short, the night too long,
And one shall win the fight and one shall fall,
Who wins shall lose; the loser shall win all.”

* * * * *

The King was seated on the dragon throne
In which the elder Arthur oft had sat
To judge his knights, and round him were the lords
And ladies of the Court. The place was gay
With banners and with flowers. Trumpets blared
And all was merriment. The hour seemed made

For love and light and life. The common herd
Gaped at the brilliant scene in which the King
A living jewel seemed mid lesser gems;
Compelling magnet to the eye of all
Was youthful Arthur in his lofty seat —
But when the lovely Thelda, under guard,
(Attended only by an ancient dame,
The faithful servant of her fallen house)
Appeared, the multitude saw neither King
Nor lords nor valiant knights nor ladies fair,
But only her. She seemed an angel's ghost
So regal was she, yet so pale and still,
And clothed in black, a white rose at her breast,
Less maid than shadow drifting to the night.
The trumpets loudly blared and all was still
The while the royal herald loud proclaimed
The charge of treason laid against the maid,
Upheld and laid by Ulrich, Earl of Doorn;
And, as his name was called, straight by the throne
The accuser rode, his visor fully raised.
Dark was his visage and his wayward soul
Glanced in the lightning of his burning eye;
Black was his charger and the trappings black;
Black was his helm and black his nodding plumes.
He loomed a Prince of Darkness as he passed,
Who came to strike a gracious spirit down.
The trumpets blared again; the herald cried —

“The Lady Thelda doth deny the charge;
The Forest Knight, her champion, gives the lie
To prove it upon Ulrich, Earl of Doorn.”
The herald’s voice had scarcely died away
When Thelda’s champion rode adown the lists.
A golden chestnut was his stallion proud
And burnished leaves of autumn seemed to gleam
O’er trappings and o’er housings’ plaited fold.
The Forest Knight himself was gaily armed,
A silver spear in rest; a silver shield
Of lilies pale he bore; and on his helm
Were lilies graved. His visor down was sign
That penance gave him right to veil his face.
His breast-plate was of burnished ruddy gold,
So wrought, by cunning hand, that fronded ferns
Seemed dancing on the mail. His lofty plumes,
Like vines and wild-flowers, bent to every breeze;
Contrasted with his sombre foe he was
Like sunlight flashing on a shaded pool.
The warning trumpet blew; they rode to place.
It sounded once again and down the lists,
Each charger maddened for the fray, they flew;
They swerved and passed each other; whirled once more
And met, at full speed, in the middle field.
The Earl of Doorn scarce seemed to feel the shock;
His mighty lance had pierced his rival’s breast
And low, upon the turf, the Forest Knight

Lay dying, while his gushing life blood stained
The pallid lilies of his shield and helm.
The giant Earl bent o'er him, sword in hand,
To give the final stroke; but the young King
Made sign that knightly mercy should be shown
The vanquished. At command his knights then bore
The dying man to where he sat enthroned.
Down stept the King and kneeling by the knight
Caught his cold hands and chafed them in his own
And loosed his broken helmet; staunched his wounds
With his own priceless robe and beat his breast
And cried—"The bravest of my realm is slain,
Slain by this wolf that masketh as an Earl."
And all who heard him were amazed until
They saw him hold the knight against his breast
And knew him, stripped of casque and leafy shield,
For Dagonet, the jester, loved of all;
And when they knew that Dagonet was armed
With naught but plaited leaves, his shield but twigs,
His silver lance but silver birchen bough,
His breastplate leaves, his burnished helm but flowers,
Such anger rose as Camelot never saw
And ne'er shall see again. But Dagonet,
His stiffening lips pressed close to Arthur's ear,
Low whispered—"Let him go if Thelda lives!
And if, my King, you grant not this my prayer,
How may I pray for you—who kill my faith,

When I shall reach Avilion that fair isle
Where Arthur, my own prince, doth beckon me?"

By this the loyal party of the King
Had gathered where he knelt by Dagonet,
And Ulrich's kin, men big of limb and bone,
Encircled him. And from that iron wall
The vengeful maddened crowd recoiled and fled
As shattered breakers from a rockbound shore;
And civil strife seemed near; when from his friends,
Alone, his helmet doffed, outrode the Earl;
And near to where King Arthur stood he came,
Dismounted and advanced on foot. "Great Prince,"
Said he, "in this undreamt of hour I come
To aid you solve this riddle, which you must
Solve rightly if you still would have it said
That Merlin's wisdom guides your even mind.
The law is still the law! The test of fire,
Her champion overthrown, must Thelda dare.
Were I the king the laws might go their way
Or I would bend them till they met my mood;
But you are fashioned in far different mold;
A life, e'en though your own, would never count
The weight of one poor hair against the law.
And so, in this extremity, I say
A perjured knight am I; and treason's charge
I laid against the maid I loved is false;
And more—I am o'erthrown by this poor Fool;

My life is reft; for, while his birch-wood lance
Scarce touched my breast, his valiant deed struck home.
And he shall live the hour! But ere the bell
Shall toll his death mine own hour shall have struck;
And then shall he be victor of the field
As well as victor in his purpose high.”
He ceased and Arthur moved to where he stood
And, fixedly regarding him, he spoke—
“It was my purpose to avenge his death
With my own hand, if God had willed it so,
And yet, such is your courage and your skill
That once I hoped, before it was too late,
Your soul might prove your wayward temper’s guide.
Too late for such a hope! So get you gone
Before I slay you even where you stand.”
The Earl’s hand for a moment sought his sword
Then dropped, as lifeless to his side. He turned
And lightly mounting fled the fatal field.
Near Camelot is a stream which cuts its way
Between its limestone walls; and whence it comes
And where it goes shall no one ever know.
It gushes from the side of a great hill
To lose itself in a dark rocky cave
A league away; and thither Ulrich rode.
The knights that followed saw his coal black steed
Pause for an instant on the river’s bank,

Then leap out o'er the stream. They gained the place
And saw the river racing from the hill
To hide itself within the rocky cave;
Naught else they saw—and Ulrich came no more.

DOUBT AND PROPHECY

There are two Gods—Creator and Destroyer—
Not one God only as we have believed
The One that we so long have followed blindly
Has lured us on that we might be deceived.

How we have worshipped with our souls uplifted
Each sign we saw of His exalted sway
Have revelled in the glory of the sunrise
Have bent our heads to greet the dawn of day.

Have seen His smile upon the face of morning
Have traced His footsteps in the sky above
Have marvelled at the stars in heaven swinging
And cried 'He sets them there for God is Love.'

And when some seed has sprouted in its season
Pushing its green leaves upward to the light
Have we not said 'a sign of resurrection
That God has given to our mortal sight.'

When we have bowed before some great disaster
In suffering that no human voice could tell
Stifling our hearts we raised our eyes to Heaven
And said, 'tis God! He doeth all things well.'

When Winter came we said the earth is sleeping
'Twill wake again in sunshine and in flowers
The sap through all the trees will soon be thrilling
Soon all the glades will turn to vernal bowers.

And we have said when age has touched our life-blood
And chilled it as the frost has chilled the earth
'Ah! 'Tis God's gentle hand upon our foreheads
He calls us to a new immortal birth.'

Thus have we lived and thus we now are living
And still we cry 'One God and only One'
Why should we always this one God receiving
The equal proofs of other God-head shun?

Shun if you will, but there He stands and watches
The other God whom you would quite deny
And grim and terrible He is of aspect
Long are His arms, and baleful is His eye.

Dig deep the pit and lay your treasure in it
His fingers straight shall find your hidden store
His eye in light or darkness all discovers
He was and is and shall be evermore.

Better by far the death that knows no waking
Than life such as the human race must live
Begin at once the final overthrowing
And let who will quite damn us or forgive.

**Why keep the age-long farce of life still going?
The lights are dim, the boards creak 'neath our tread
The galleries are full of mocking faces
Come let us seek the grandeur of the dead.**

PROPHECY

**There is no mystery of the midmost earth,
 No maze of highest sky or deepest sea,
No winding riddle of our death or birth
 But man shall find the talismanic key.**

**And we, as Christ, shall conquer death and night,
 Bid mountains fall and it shall straight be done;
For mortal eyes may dare immortal light,
 As eagles gaze, undaunted, at the sun.**



The Quest

There is no mystery of the mid-most earth

“ I F ”*

With Apologies to Kipling.

If you can put your own griefs all behind you
When others need a word of faith and cheer,
If you can have a secret taste for Cliquot
And yet in full complaisance drink your beer;
If you can have a fit of blues that shakes you
And gives to life a sad and sombre hue,
And yet can cheer some poor discouraged devil
And help him to a better point of view;
If you can treat the humble as your equals
And meet the great just as your equals too,
And give a hand to some poor weary pilgrim
Until he takes a hold of life anew;
If you can make it seem a pleasant pastime
To save some mangy cur from mean abuse,
And never dodge the call of any duty
And never curse or cry “what is the use”;
If you can give yourself to some great action
And measure to the size of any task,
And when you’ve pulled the laboring oar untiring
No praise or recognition ever ask;
If you can hold your honor ever sacred
And keep your neighbor’s honor well in view;

If fairly spoken, fairly speak in answer,
When rudely greeted answer rightly too;
If no man holds a string upon your favor
Yet any man may have it if he will,
If uncomplaining, while your heart is fasting,
You strive that hearts more hungry have their fill;
If you can do these things and never falter
And never ask of trouble to be rid,
You're something more than most of us around you
For you have done what Bonney always did.

Written for the dinner at the Bancroft Hotel, January 24th, 1919, in
honor of Carl Bonney



Lilith

THE WHIRLIGIG

'Tis well, proud nabob! Flout your kitchen slave—
And yet when she was Mistress of the Nile
Three thousand years ago, you gladly lost,
All that Rome gave you for her witching smile.

And you, proud matron! With well ordered glance,
Disdain the common man who heaves your coal!
And yet, within that grimy form, perchance,
Hides one for whom you once lost life and soul.

We spin upon the whirligig of Time,
The sport of all the gods who sit enthroned;
One twirl, we think ourselves almost sublime
Another—and we are as outcasts stoned.

THE FOOL'S WISDOM

There's an old and a beautiful story
Of a king who relinquished his throne
Who as poor as the humblest of peasants
Went out in the world quite alone;
And he said—"I have yielded my birthright
The bauble of sceptre and crown,
Which I had in the house of my fathers,
I have gladly forever laid down.
What I had from the hand of another
Neither is nor ever was mine
For myself I will win great dominion
From the grapes that I plant drink the wine"
And he strove in the marts of the city
And his wealth grew as weeds in the sun
And he toiled in the fields and the forests
Where triumph on triumph was won
And his sails bore his wealth o'er the oceans
Returning with cargoes of gold;
Whatever he sought he straight found it
Whatever he found he would hold.
And kings of far lands paid him tribute
And nobles attended his call,
Where he lived in a palace whose beauty
Outrivalled his ancestral hall.
And he cried, "this is mine and no other's

It is mine by the sweat of my brow
Myself I have proved in life's contest
At last is accomplished my vow."
And yet in his soul was disquiet
In his heart was no comfort or ease
In his mind rang this question disturbing
"How fareth the least one of these?"
And he answered, "I know not and care not
I fence with the great and the proud
They yield to my wisdom and prowess
What matters the rabble and crowd?"
And yet when his guests were at banquet
When music clashed through the great hall
That question insistent distressed him
The cup of his joy brimmed with gall.
At tourney when knights tilted lightly
And banners saluted each breeze
That question unanswered would vex him
"How fareth the least one of these?"
And when at devotion he bowed him
And prayed to his God on his knees
To his prayer would be wafted the answer
"How fareth the least one of these?"
And at night it would whisper in shadows
And by day it would sigh through the trees
In his ears forever 'twas ringing
"How fareth the least one of these,"

And he called him his Fool to his chamber—
“Let thy wits be as busy as bees
For I crave from your Foolship an answer
What is meant by the least one of these?”
And the Fool, in his cap and cape jingling,
Grimaced and then said, “if it please
Thy mirror, great lord, holds the answer
For thou art the least one of these.”
And he turned from his Fool and he muttered
“Well answered, well thought and well said
I have gained the whole world for my pleasure
But the heart that God gave me is dead.
I am bankrupt before Him, an outcast,
For pride and vain power were my goal
My robes that are covered with jewels
No shelter can offer my soul.
I have drained the cup of life’s brewing
To the bitter and sorrowful lees
And I bow to the Fool’s spoken wisdom
For I am the least one of these.”
Thereafter, in all his dominion,
No cry of the poor was unheard,
He gave not alone of his riches
But he uttered the comforting word
And he learned ere his day reached its closing,
As one who some bright vision sees
That the work that God loves is the service
That comforts the least one of these.



Design for Fountain

PASSWORDS*

O, how shall he who never finds the beauty
In all the sylvan scenes you love so well,
Requite your gift, although a pleasant duty,
By chanting praises of your hill and dell?
If his dull eyes see only in your forest
Long aisles of loneliness, where shadows fall,
If he but thinks how Life 'gainst Nature warrest
And hears "farewell" in every sweet bird call;

If every blossom smiling by the wayside
Brings doubt, into his heart, instead of cheer,
If he forgets the promise of the Maytide
And Winter always seems to rule the year;
What shall he say to you, and all the fancies,
That gather round you in your hillside home,
Of prankish elves, in mad and merry dances,
With wild flowers pelted by some playful gnome?

How answer you about the swarthy savage,
Whom you see stalking by with bow in hand;
Unless to warn you nevermore to ravage
The legends that still haunt his stolen land?
And now this tale that, in your woodroad walking,
You met a stub-tailed dog and old King Cole,
Oh no, my friend, there is no use in talking —
You saw the mists from out the old swamp hole!

Yet keep, I beg you, every happy vision —
Remember them, as passwords, for the day
When Nature's angels, to the fields Elysian,
Shall welcome all who still know how to play.

*Written in appreciation of the story of Old King Cole by Lincoln N. Kinnicutt.

THE OASIS ON THE TRAIL*

I thank the Lord that I may roam
Along the Mohawk trail;
That I may hunt, or fish, or ride,
And buy whate'er's for sale;
But I know a home in Greenfield,
And a fair garden close,
That a wise and learnèd jurist
Has given to the rose —
For there the weary traveller
Breathes fragrance on the air,
From the garden which the master
Attends with loving care.

In these days of wrath and conflict,
When the good old ways are lost,
When our lives are sad and anxious,
And our souls are tempest-tost;
When our hearts are cold and smothered
By a storm of human woes —
Let us seek this happy garden
Gladdened by the Judge's rose!
Though the Mohawk trail invites us,
And he gives us right to roam,
Where the red man roamed before us,

And the mountain cascades foam;
Let us seek, instead, the valley
And that lovely garden close,
Where the jurist's own heart-sunshine
Brings to bloom the grateful rose.

*Written upon receiving from the Hon. John A. Aiken, Chief Hunter,
a gracious permit to hunt and trade on the Mohawk Trail.

THE VANQUISHED

When the last struggle of the heart is o'er,
And the faint pulse has flickered to its end,
God grant that sleep may last forevermore,
Unbroke by jeer of foe or call of friend!

Quiet and safe, on some neglected shore,
Where not a sound shall pierce the dust-stopt ear;
Man's wildest conflict and God's thunder roar
Pass over us and leave no sense of fear.

No more to be distress with pain of life,
No more to guard the faulty flesh we own,
To leave behind the futile task and strife
And reap no more, whate'er the harvest sown.

Let those, who boast them masters of their fate,
Seek life eternal and the hard-won prize,
But, when we pass through Death's o'er-lowering gate,
May no new life surprise our weary eyes.

For we, the vanquished, could not bear to know
That other burdens waited to be borne,
That other fields were there for us to sow,
And other griefs to mock us weak and worn.

Better by far, unseeing, there to rest,
Unhearing, in a never broken sleep,
Unquickened, on earth's ever-quickenning breast,
The refuge of repose for all who weep!

NATURE'S WAYS

Refreshed is he whose wistful soul
Seeks consolation where
The mosses paint the dull grey stones
And wildflowers grow so fair
That he, in wonder, smiles on them
And they smile back and say—
We, too, are children of the sod
A' journeying your way.

They tell of seed and root and bud
That held them all too long
Before they earned the holy right
To blossom into song—
A song from swaying censers flung—
So prodigal of praise
That he, beholding, bows his head
Revering Nature's ways.

Here Nature speaks, as nowhere else,
And whither tells and whence
She speaks to eye, to ear, to touch,
To every human sense—
Though seed and root and stem shall pass
Nor bud nor bloom persists
The soul, the fragrance of the flower,
Forevermore exists!

Suggested by the late Lincoln N. Kinnicutt's protecting love of wild flowers. Albert C. Burrage of Boston, on Jan. 13th, 1922, presented a petition to the legislature to prohibit the sale of arbutus as gatherers for the market uproot the plants.



Richard Ward Greene

IN MEMORIAM*

RICHARD WARD GREENE

His stubborn British pride, unmoved by loss or gain,
Was mellowed by the grace and courtliness of Spain.

And being so, he loved all things of strength and power;
And being so, he loved the blossom of an hour.

He loved old books, old friends, old legends, ancient ways;
And on his altar burned the drift-wood of those days.

And, in his time and place, he bore his joy and pain —
An English gentleman and cavalier of Spain!

*Written for the Worcester Fire Society.

THE PAST-LAND

The voices of the wind, if we but listen,
Are fervent prayers for sign or word of cheer
From old friends in the life we left behind us
Who strive to reach our dull and careless ear.
They strive, insistent, for some sign to tell them
That all is well with us and that we live
That we still hold them close in fond remembrance
And that some long past fault we will forgive.
They ask assurance that they, too, may follow,
That love shall smile when friend meets friend again,
That here the sorrow they still bear is ended
That peace and joy on Earth forever reign.
But we—we never turn our hopes and longings
Back to that world we left some long-past day;
We are forgetful that we ever promised
We would return could we but find the way;
For we have lost a new friend we found waiting
To welcome us when first we saw this earth
And since she went we find that life is empty
And days of sadness banish days of mirth.
And so, we have no thought or recollection
Of any life we lived apart from this
And ask of Heaven this one bounty only
That we may know again her smile and kiss.
And we have lost a steadfast vallant comrade

Whose shoulder touched our shoulder in the fight
Who never faltered in his firm allegiance
If 'twas our cause, why, then the cause was right;
And so we say there never was another
Like him, this man of men now gone before,—
An unremembered woman's cry comes wailing,
An earlier comrade calls us as of yore!
They call from that dim world where we once rested
Before this brighter life on Earth began
Though ever beaten, still unbeaten, striving
The chasm twixt their life and ours to span.

So listen to the tireless winds about you
That plead, and sing, and shout to you in vain;
Give answer to their ceaseless supplication
If answer to your own prayer you would gain.

A FRIEND OF MY FRIEND

He's a friend of my friend
And he's a friend of mine
And our friend is our friend
No more than friend of thine;
I will pledge you your friend
And you shall pledge me mine
We will pledge our friend's friends—
The friends of auld lang syne.

Poems of The War



Mother Earth

*She is the eternal Mary
Small joy and heavy loss
For each babe her arms have cradled
She sees upon a cross.
Mater dolorosa Mater!
Wormwood bitter and gall
Is the cup thy children pledge thee
In Life's funereal hall;
For the nations smite the nations
And brother brother slays
And they that are left are cripples
The days are evil days!*



Lincoln

LINCOLN*

Somehow I think that in the near Beyond
He sits and broods o'er all this human strife,
And that new furrows line his kindly face,
Full sad enough from his own weary life;
While the great heart, that throbbed for others' care,
Still thrills in pity for us—even there.

First Read at the Omar Khayyám Club of America.

THE BREATH OF LIFE

*Good solid flesh from crumbling clay
And water to blood is warmed
But breath of life must come the day
That ever a man is formed.*

Life says at birth, "Lo! This is mine to give;
Receive this *breath* and guard the gift I make."
And Death soon comes and cries to all who live,
" 'Twas Life's to give, but it is mine to take."

How many myriad shapes old Life has wrought
To trick the treasure from his rival's hands;
But patient Death still finds what he has sought
And drives his quarry o'er Time's fatal sands.

How many cycles has the contest raged,
How many creatures back to earth have gone;
For whom and what is the wide battle waged
O'er all who have been or shall yet be born?

For countless years, in spite of all his care,
Life has been vanquished in the endless task;
Each clod, breath-quickened, caught in Death's dark snare
A clod has proved, behind each falling mask.

Yet one race, for a little while, seemed made
 To challenge Death and hold him fast at bay
When man, God-gifted, stepped forth unafraid
 To face his fate in the broad light of day.

There was no labor that the human mind
 Would not have conquered, as with Christ's own might,
And ancient superstitions left behind
 Man then had said, at last, "There shall be light!"

When struck "the day" that better had not been
 With all mankind 'neath Death's dark banner ranged,
And all the promise that the world had seen,
 In that brief hour, to hopelessness was changed.

And what the profit of the godless day,
 Though cannon hurl its shell a hundred miles? *
The fate of man hangs trembling on their play
 When Life has tears and Death alone has smiles.

Smash down the forts and sink the shuddering ships,
 Fill reeking trenches with your squandered slain,
Set Death's sad seal upon the breathless lips
 Then, turn to Life and start the race again.

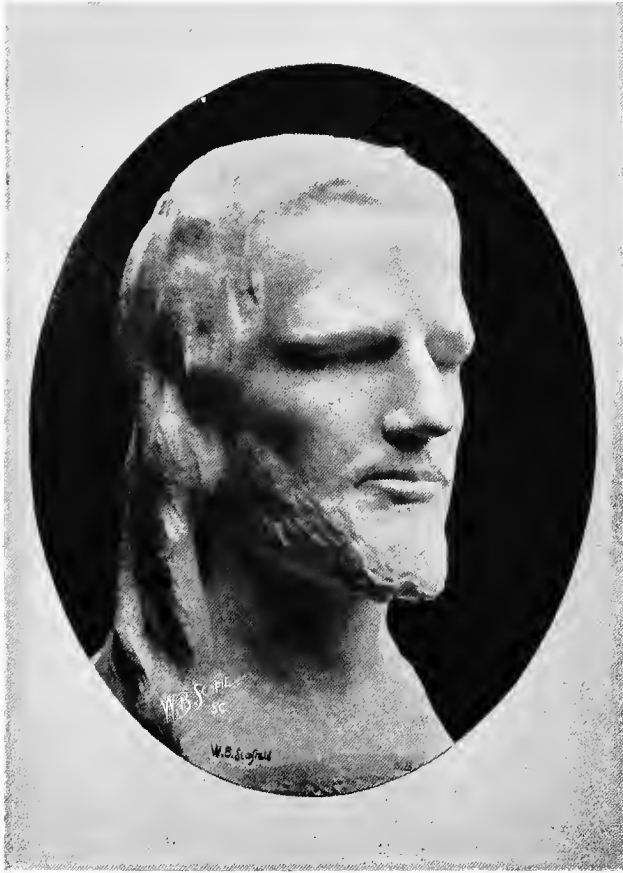
Begin again! But an enfeebled race,
 From old or crippled sires shall heed your call.
And the sad mother in her infant's face,
 Shall read the signs that spell man's final fall.

For we are doomed! Like all who went before,
Strange creatures of the land and of the sea;
Who swam the depths or roamed along the shore,
And lived like us—but never more shall be.

*Good solid flesh from crumbling clay
And water to blood is warmed
But breath of life must come the day
That ever a man is formed.*

This poem first appeared in Donald Tulloch's Poems of the Great War years before the German guns that shelled Paris had been used.





The Christ

THE MEETING*

What went ye out to see?
Kaiser, and Czar and King,
 Whom do ye seek;
Through pathways of the slain
Shall Christ return to reign—
 Jesus, the meek?

If you should find Him there,
Pacing some battlefield,
 What would you say;
Or, if brought face to face,
How shall ye find the grace
 Shamed to pray?

If He should look at you,
Gazing your soul into,
 Where would ye hide;
Under great stacks of dead
Cover your royal head,
 Or how abide?

If He should speak to you,
Saying, "Thou lovest Me?"
 What answer give;
"If so, then feed My sheep!"
Could ye find tears to weep,
 Courage to live?

If He stretched forth His hands,
Once more forgiving you,
 Wouldst take and hold;
Or, when the cross-scars seen,
Wouldst cry: "I am unclean:
 My soul is sold?"

Set to music by Madame Elise Pekschine, the celebrated Russian
pianist.

WHERE IS THY BROTHER?

Build a strong fort that cannot be demolished
And then invent a new explosive shell
That strikes the armored walls and, in the striking,
Blows steel and masonry and all to hell.

And build a ship like a great floating island,
And man it with a thousand sailors brave,
Then speed a sleek torpedo 'neath the water
And send the ship and crew to Ocean's grave.

Or rear a church by centuries of labor,
Whose spires point upward to the living God,
Then train your cannon on its sacred turrets
And bring the structure to the level sod.

And teach the girl wife to become a mother,
Who gives her sons her soul and heart and breast,
Then mangle the fair bodies that she bore you
And bid her say "Dear Lord, Thou knowest best."

Prove once again that swords will cut through sinews,
That bayonets pierce the flesh and split the bone,
That nerves will quiver when they're torn asunder,
That hearts will break, 'though they were made of stone.

And hear, at last, the Voice that once lamented
Above the altar of a shepherd slain,
Of all your brothers It demands accounting,
Speak Knights of Kultur! Answer, Sons of Cain!

THE CREED*

They left us for the bitter fight,
In France's hour of need,
The vanguard of Columbia's might
Upholding Freedom's creed.
Without a thought of noisy fame,
With no regret for loss,
They cast their souls in war's wild flame,
Whose white heat finds no dross.
Their youth shall be a living shield,
Safe-sheltering the world.
Their arms shall win full many a field
Before our flags are furled;
For never shall our flags be furled,
Nor sheathed shall be the sword,
Till back across the Rhine is hurled
The bestial Teuton horde.
In every desecrated vale
New altars shall arise
Where, even now, on breeze and gale
The flag of Freedom flies.
And he who careless of his need
Went forth at France's call,
Shall glory in his country's creed,
Nor count his loss at all.

*Written on the anniversary of the departure of Worcester's troops.

FRANCE

She stands, with lilies in her breast,
And welcome in her glance.
There is no one so gay as she,
No maiden fair as France.
So, come to her in friendly guise
And you shall have your way
And all that heart desireth most
From Lyons to Calais.
And you shall stroll through pleasant fields
From the east down to the sea,
And in her bowers rest as safe
As even Frenchmen be.
Approach her not in churlish mood
But as a lover sue
For, would you force her to your will,
She will have none of you.
And when you come with helm of steel
Trust not to sword and lance;
But—give your soul to God above—
Dear friend, dear foe, is France.



France

ICHABOD*

The mad guns shouted through the night
Like angry gods in wild debate
Or beasts with blood insatiate;
The War Lord wearied for the light.
He lay far from the fighting line
With chosen men before his door—
At instant call were thousands more—
Small danger there of shell or mine.
But in his tent God came and stayed
Or was it his own contrite soul
That asked the price and paid the toll
By fear, at last, made unafraid?
Whate'er the cause this doubt arose
To question him without surcease—
“Of all mankind whose word for Peace
Had saved the world this worst of woes?”
“My silence brought this storm of death
Let loose,” he cried, “in wanton flood
The rising tide of human blood
To choke God’s gift of living breath.
It matters not, if win or lose,
My punishment remains the same;
My stricken soul is blind and lame
And this the penance I would choose:—
When comes the day, my power o’er-blown,

That breaks my sword and blasts my hand,
When droops my flag on sea and land,
Let me atone, let me atone!
For every hearth by me o'er-thrown,
For every harvest trampled down,
For every burning wayside town,
Let me atone, let me atone!
For every desecrated stone,
That man had raised to honor God,
Oh may I feel Thy chastening rod,
And so atone, and so atone.
For every mother's heartsick moan
And every maid's unholy stain
And every wife's disordered brain
Let me atone, let me atone.
For shriveled flesh and shattered bone
And every youth's untimely grave,
A blow for every blow I gave
Let me receive, and so atone.
May I know anguish these have known
From heaviest to the lightest pain,
Promethean-like revived again
To still atone, to still atone.
To reap the harvest I have sown
And drag my curse a thousand years
Where earth is wet with blood and tears
Dear God, but let me quite atone."

Thus broods the War Lord when alone
With shadows in his darkened room;
But when the dawn dispels the gloom
The blood-lust turns his heart to stone!

The Kaiser is reported to be spending much of his time in prayer.

HARVARD AND THE WAR

Written for the thirtieth anniversary dinner of Class of 1887, Harvard
and first printed by the Class.

Of all the learning that I stored with me
What now remains to years full fifty-three?
The Grecian alphabet, I thought I knew,
Is badly spotted by three decades' dew,
And I no longer feel a sense of joy
That brave Aeneas 'scaped the fall of Troy.
Enteuthen exelaunai's not for me,
I will no more *strathmous* me to the sea,
I shall not hear its waters rush and roar,
Shall never reach that still-receding shore.
All else may pass, and yet, safe as my soul,
I keep the dreams of Youth, that paid no toll
Along Life's highway, when they walked with me,
Or, undismayed by storm, danced o'er the sea.
And there was none—I care not what you say—
Who looked on Life in pessimistic way;
Behind each cloud you still perceived the blue
Resplendent, radiant, promising to you
The all your heart desired and happy times,
That Fortune's clock should sound your hours in
chimes.
And if your hopes now hold but feeble sway,
And if the faded skies are sometimes gray,

And if Time's baleful bell has sourly tolled
In cracked and solemn tones as you grew old,
Rejoice with me in memory of those days,
Lift up your voice in a glad song of praise!
Oh, come with me, the way will not prove hard,
And glimpse again your first sight of the yard
With all its noble elms and wealth of green,
And ancient buildings in the shadow seen
Like dear old people, sitting there at rest,
With weary forms and love in each old breast.
And you shall see yourselves as you were then,
No longer boys, but men or supermen.
Since dragons from your path must surely fly,
Why chicken-hearted 'neath that senior's eye?
And yet, if he but turned to nod at you,
With what just pride your head and bosom grew;
If Prexy's self but gave you one brief glance
The world was lost in an ecstatic trance;
And when a summons called you to the Dean,
Your life was full, Time might both reap and glean!
How well, how very well the Dean I knew,
Such close acquaintance had with none of you—
A little more than kin and less than kind
I found him—Ah! That stern and fast-lockt mind!
I sometimes think that cutting morning prayer
Led more to Godliness than anywhere,
For to the Inn when late I'd always go
For coffee and for eggs as white as snow.

Ah, where again such coffee have ye found
Of such rare flavor and so finely ground,
And where a hen, with soul so pure and good,
To give again such conscientious food,
And where such bread as John's plump wife would bake?
No masses needs she for her good soul's sake!
For this was then old Harvard's pride and boast—
No other town could show such eggs on toast.
The glant redwood is a shrub to thee,
O well-remembered, gracious Holly Tree!
But hark! is it some strange and heathen God
Or Bud, conversing with the football squad?
And hear ye not like water in its fall,
McCagg's sweet tenor flow from Holyoke Hall?
Have ye forgot the class of Eight-Five
When sport at Harvard scarcely seemed alive
Till Winslow's nine, and Storrow's stalwart crew;
Showed, if we would, what we might always do?
And think again, of that poor little fan
That tiny, red-haired bandy-legged man
Whose knees were weak as his stout heart was true,
Of, by, for Harvard, all the creed he knew;
'Twill cheer you sometime, when o'er sharp the wind,
To hear upon the blast 'God bless you, frind.'
The Palladium defended—our first care—
By Patrick Henry Tuthill, speaker rare,
Our first election safely held and done,
The Class its span of life had well begun.

Not long, I think, till we our heroes knew
On land and sea in nine and team and crew;
'Lish Flagg looked tall as Cushing seemed before,
Bill Brooks and Burgess stout as any four,
And old George Mumford—Muse, inspire your bard,-
Shook all the buildings when he paced the yard.
And which man of us, whether sport or dig,
But had his share of pride in Handsome Hig?
Or in the ring who showed such style and dash
As Bantam Whitelaw or lean Gaston Ashe?
And when it came to wrestling and all that,
If not our Dudley, who did hold the mat?
When Waldo Willard whaled the ball to win
He flew the bases like a Zeppelin;
And old Jack Cowling falling on the ball
Would fall so hard his tights would also fall.
Bill Endicott, tho somewhat over-weight,
Would then, as now, pay his full share of freight;
And Michael, with some merry tale or jest
Would tell them so that each one seemed the best.
While Shattuck's wisdom, in falsetto flung,
Did credit to his head and to his lung.
'Twas even then upon the cards of Fate
That Harry Keyes should rule a sovereign State,
And Remington, the first to lift a sign,
Our ensign always lifted high in line.
So let us sing the Eighty-Seventh Psalm
To our own Ayer, God keep him from all harm!

The years are gone, o'er soon their story told,
The failing Sun says we are growing old;
And yet, before that sunset glory comes,
Our ears are quickened to the sound of drums
Not only Memory is our rightful share
In all that makes old Harvard great and fair,
For every name that gleams on sculptured stone
Of her brave sons is in some sense our own.
To every boy in all her khaki line
We proudly call today "Thou son of mine!"
And all the power still left in our own hand
We pledge to Harvard and our native land.
Yet it is pity that we see this day
Whose only law is slay, and slay, and slay;
The blood of Abel flows o'er land and main,
Upon whose forehead burns the curse of Cain?
We know but little of the wrong and right,
We blindly grope with scarce one flash of light,
But this is known, that in our land alone
Freedom hath dwelt and laid her corner-stone.
We know, with all our faults and foolish pride,
For Her our mothers toiled, our fathers died;
We know Her smile hath blest Her chosen land,
That countless blessings flow from out Her hand.
No war-lord here shall ever set a throne
Until our mountains are themselves o'erthrown.
Until the seas flow back to hidden springs,

Until the oak to the frail ivy clings,
Until our mighty winds, no longer free,
Forget to sing: "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."
Shall we then sit with idly-folded hands
And watch the hour glass and its rippling sands?
At fifty, though we may not break a lance
And spill our blood upon some field in France,
Shall we send others to that hell of guns
That roar in laughter when they slay our sons,
And find no work to do, no cross to bear,
No heavy burden that we all may share?
Thank God! He shows the clear appointed task,
His yoke on us is laid, we need not ask
What we shall do or whither shall we go;
His rod shall rule us through this night of woe.
This war is not as other wars have been,
Born in dishonor and maintained in sin;
It is not waged to free an ocean lane,
To give to France again Alsace-Lorraine,
To let proud Russia rule a southern sea,
Or force some haughty war-lord to his knee.
For were this all our squandered blood should win
Then Hell holds naught so black as this, our sin;
In vain would prove the profit or the loss,
And Christ again shall hang upon a cross,
Not fashioned by some ancient creed-bound Jew,
But on a cross more cruel, made by you.
This shall not be, for the vast gain is more

Than seer or prophet ever dreamt before.
Our God is coming! It shall be our care
To smooth the way and His fair house prepare,
To bring to fruitage this blood-harvest sown,
To give to Freedom all that is her own;
For as we do to them the least of these,
We sup with Him or drain the bitter lees.
From kingly hands the sceptre has been torn,
From us may fall some bauble we have worn,
For this we know is the unswerving plan—
That man shall deal Christ's justice unto man.
His banner even now He hath unfurled
For Freedom ever, and for all the World,
And 'neath this standard we shall all find place
And almost see our "Captain face to face."



Harvard Yard

*Oh, come with me, the way will not prove hard
And glimpse again your first sight of the yard
With all its noble elms and wealth of green,
And ancient buildings in the shadow seen,
Like dear old people, sitting there at rest,
With weary forms and love in each old breast.*

"HARVARD SHALL BE HARVARD!"

Written for the endowment fund dinner of the class of 1887
December 1920

BY DEGREES

When I strolled in to Harvard town
The world was bright and gay
I met a sandy whiskered man
A'coming down my way
Said I to him the day is fine
Said he to me "Tra-loo
I am the Dean of Harvard town
A summons waits for you"
And this was all I ever learned
And this was all I knew
Until that self-same gentleman
Compelled me to skidoo.
And I went back to Worcester town
It is a far countree
I left good store of gold behind
But took home no degree.
And yet I never said 'twas wrong
And never made complaint
And never thought that your degrees
Were tainted with a taint
And yet I hold that this is true

A maxim sound and fast
That he enjoys his laugh the most
Who laughs his laugh the last
And as I see each care-worn face
And note your shaky knees
I know you're old before your time
By weight of your degrees
While I avenged, restored and blessed
By just and smiling Fate
Am still a spry and youthful man
And undergraduate.
And since you've had your honors long
And worn them day by day
Behold in me the officer
Who asks you all to pay.

HARVARD'S SIGNAL TOWERS

I sometimes think a comet in the sky
That rushes by the little worlds we know
Is but the flaming chariot of one
Who at God's bidding doth both come and go.
His task to see all that we do and dare,
For him to learn wherein we fail and fall,
Then straight he winds his fiery team and turns
To scale the height of God's own garden wall.
And God shall question him about this world,
For so He holds us in His love and care,
O, shall the other sadly make reply
"No towers I saw and saw no signals flare."

FORT HARVARD

Give us the power to know
A friend from foe
For one the open hand
For one a blow.
Lest war should come again
Build strong the wall
Firm as a mount of stone
That cannot fall.
Make this dear land of ours
Kindly and wise
But hedge her all around
Against surprise.
Not forts and ships alone
Stand her in stead;
Not the strong arm and hand
And the dull head.
Here is our fortress strong
In War and Peace
A rock that guards the fount
God send increase!

THE TRUE STORY OF DIDO

I never liked Aeneas
I never wished him well
The son of old Anchises
Who midst his tears would tell
That sometime, someday, somewhere
When all the work was done
His crowd would then consider
Their labors had been fun.
I think he did his duty
By his infirm old dad
He cared for his Penates
For fear he'd get in bad
But when he called on Dido
He played the Queen for fair
And paid the board bill due her
With tears and with hot air.
We're told she tore her tresses
Because she loved the bloke
But I am still persuaded
The lady was quite broke.
She'd fed that band of Trojans
Who ate with right good will
But sailed away from Carthage
And quite ignored her bill.
The world was then all fighting

And prices going higher
And Dido simply found she must
Expire upon her pyre.
Aeneas cut up didos
And sailed away to hide
And Carthage famed for dyers
Just dyed as Dido died.
The moral of this story
Comes ringing from the past
Don't be the first at table
And see the cashier last;
And if you owe fair Harvard
For what she's done for you
Don't skulk like slick Aeneas
But pay her what is due.

THE BOYS YOU KNEW

The song of the poppies
Of Flanders' sod
Is only the same song
Given by God
To all of his soldiers.—
Wars never cease,
(The battles of cannon
Conflicts of peace,)
And that song implored us
Not to let fall
The torch of the home-faith.
Now comes the call
From sons of old Harvard
Gone on before;
God! can't you hear it sound
Roar upon roar?
"We shall not sleep or rest
And you untrue;
Keep faith, keep faith with us
The boys you knew."

EIGHTY-SEVEN'S PLATE

It is better, oh, far better
To give gifts than to receive
Pleasure lost by never giving
You in no way can retrieve.
Think of this, my worthy masters
Think before it is too late
Give until you strain your giver
Fill old eighty-seven's plate.
You can't take your treasure with you
On the unblazed, lonely track
To the land we know as Somewhere
From which none of us come back.
Not a dollar nor a million
Buildeth mansions way up there
But the money here expended
Keeps old Harvard fit and fair.
And how shall we ever hold her
Other than she erst has been?
Splendid, robed in strength and beauty
Careless of the strife and din
Of "the little lesser peoples"
Of the passing craze and strife
Watch-tower of our sturdy fathers
Beacon of our nation's life.

Shall we keep the home-fires burning
Only when our war-flags fly;
And when Peace comes from her vigils
Shall our ardor fail and die?
Oh may Harvard's light burn brightly
May its clear and steadfast rays
Guide us now as they have guided
In our earlier, happier days.
So my masters, give I beg you
Give before it is too late
Give until you strain your giver
Fill old eighty-seven's plate.

JERICHO

"All Highest," said a Councillor
To the Emperor one day.
"The great Republic is aroused
'Twere well its wrath to stay."
"Not so," cried bloody William,
"They dare not cross the sea
Where stealthy U-boats guard the lanes
And work my will for me.
A mongrel nation, bred for trade,
Will hide from my great guns,
And bow themselves to the stern law
Of my all-conquering Huns.
Old England ages in my grip,
France bleeds from every vein;
My legions soon shall camp in Rome
And by the river Seine.
I fight with God and God with me,
And both are loyal Huns
Who have a very watchful care
Of my six fearless sons.
What other home in all the world
But has a vacant chair?
My house untouched, my kin unscathed
Prove God's especial care."
The great Republic heard the boast

And pondered it full long,
And at last sent back this answer
To the lord of sin and wrong.
“We are coming, bloody William,
To seize your armèd hand;
Our angry clasp shall never part
Except by God’s command.
The German hand of flesh and bone
In its own glove shall fail,
And none shall know the flesh from steel
In that crunched fist of mail.
The hour is near, look to your sons,
Look to your Empire’s wall;
Your Capital shall hear the blast
Of Jericho, and fall.
And you, yourself, shall then be judged,
Not by your private god,
But by the wrath of all who live
And all beneath the sod.
The great Republic greets you where
You wade in sickening gore,
And bids you wait her myriad sons
Who now are crossing o’er.
For we have sworn in Freedom’s name
And we will keep the pledge,
To meet you at the river Rhine,
And on its eastern edge.
And have a care of what you do.

Our blood is mounting high,
Lest we obey the ancient law
Demanding eye for eye.
We still would follow Freedom's light,
Her calm and steadfast rays;
And woe to Prussia if she sees
Our Star of Vengeance blaze."

ALL THOSE SONGS ARE ONE

When France's lilies crimson grew
 Ensanguined by her slain,
She heard Columbia's friendly voice
 Come ringing o'er the main;
And every Frenchman thanked the Lord
 And looked for better days
And sang, as he ne'er sang before,
 The grand old Marseillaise.

Through all these days when Liberty
 By tyrants is beset,
Columbia's sons will meet the storm
 With sons of Lafayette;
And tho' Old Glory leads us through
 The shadow haunted vale,
We'll march where calls the Marseillaise
 Till life itself shall fail.

What matters it if here and now
 Or there and then we go?
One task alone is given us,
 To crush a ghoulisn foe;
And if Fate comes on lagging feet
 Or fast as shaft can fly,
The faith that taught us how to live
 Will teach us how to die.

So sound again the Marseillaise,
Let Rule Britannia ring
Or trill the songs of Italy
And Hail Columbia sing;
The melodies which freemen love
As flowers love the sun
All spring from love of Liberty
And all those songs are one.

THE SACRIFICE

Who turns the press stone against stone,
Caught twixt the two flesh, blood and bone?

Both shall grind on rising to fall,
Gorge and disgorge ruled by whose call?

God, man or brute, fiend all malign;
Called by what name, known by what sign?

Juice of what vine, prodigal flood,
Flows from the press ruddy as blood?

Who drinks the wine, fermented how;
Who is the toast, pledged is what vow?

What of the sludge, mangled or dead;
Why is it white and the press red?

Flaunt all the flags, beat all the drums,
When to the press sacrifice comes!

Is it for this God made the brain?
Better as dust it might have lain!

Body, like God's? 'Tis but a weed,
Tear it apart, there's a new creed.

Rachel may mourn her children slain;
We live to kill—loss count as gain!

Revelations, 14 C., v. 19 & v. 20.

And the angel thrust in his sickle into the earth, and gathered the vine of the earth, and cast it into the great winepress of the wrath of God.

And the winepress was trodden without the city, and blood came out of the winepress, even unto the horse bridles, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs.



General Lazare Hoche

GENERAL LAZARE HOCHÉ

Lazare Hoche was born in Versailles in 1768.

He enlisted in the French Army before he was sixteen.

He was a Corporal in 1789 and four years later, at twenty-five, was a General of Division.

In 1793 he drove the Teutons out of Alsace.

After that success he was engaged in many brilliant operations which showed great political as well as military genius.

Early in 1797 he overwhelmingly defeated the whole bulk of Austria's military forces in several battles.

Later, in this year, he was named Minister of War by the Directory, but the appointment could not be confirmed legally as he was under thirty years of age.

In the summer of this year, 1797, he was in command of the Armies of the Sambre and Meuse successfully opposing the Germans.

In the fall of the year, he grew ill and died while encamped on the Rhine, opposite Coblenz (Koblenz.)

He was buried by the Rhine near where he died. An obelisk marks his grave, which is on a rising mound of ground, opposite the German fortified city.

Sloane's History of Napoleon says of Hoche—"among all the purely French generals of the Republic the name of Hoche, so prematurely cut off by death, stands highest."

In another chapter of the same work it is said that the death of Hoche "quenched the only military genius in France comparable to that of Bonaparte and removed a political rival as well."

The American Army has won its first important victory in the same region of Alsace and Lorraine from which Hoche drove the Hun.

Our forces have already bombarded Metz. The nearest and most direct route to Berlin for the Allies runs from Metz thru Coblenz and by the tomb of Hoche.

My maternal great-grandfather, Jean Baptiste Hoche is said to have had a young kinsman in the French Army named Lazare. Jean Baptiste Hoche is reputed to have come to this country with Lafayette and to have served under him during the Revolutionary war. After the war he married and settled in Connecticut, and was lost at sea shortly after his marriage. Papers and letters which were left in his widow's hands were unfortunately destroyed a few years later. Very little, therefore, is positively known about him. My interest in the brilliant career of General Lazare Hoche was inspired because of the family name and the tradition of relationship. Recently I remembered that he won his first great military success where the Americans are now fighting and that thought suggested these verses.

Hoche's body was removed July 7, 1919 with proper military ceremonies to Weissenthurm where he defeated the Prussians in 1793.

Hoche is Waiting by the Rhine was sung by Milton C. Snyder at the opening of the Federated Drive for War Charities in the Bancroft Hotel.

HOCHE IS WAITING BY THE RHINE

Music: Battle Hymn of The Republic, "John Brown's Body"

I am waiting, O, my comrades,
I am waiting by the Rhine.
I am longing for the glory
That shall soon be yours and mine;
I can hear the roar of battle
As it rolls along the line
As France goes marching on.

I have waited, long I've waited,
And my sword has known no rust,
I have kept my lonely vigil
When you thought my eyes were dust,
And full soon we'll break the Teuton
And we'll curb his pride and lust
As France goes marching on.

'Twas for this my tomb was builded
Where it looks upon the foe,
Where I watch his mighty legions
Going forth to work us woe
And I cry "à moi, mes enfants",
It is time to lay him low,
As France goes marching on.

We will drive him, as I drove him,
Out of Alsace once again,
And the shadow shall be lifted
From the face of fair Lorraine.
While his blood, in rivers flowing,
From his soul may wash its stain,
As France goes marching on.

Once more the Austrian falters
When he treads upon our land,
And brave Foch once more shall hold him
As I held him in my hand
And the Rhine, where I am waiting,
Shall be red from strand to strand,
As France goes marching on.

I can hear the tread of millions
Who have come across the sea,
They are bearing God's own tidings
That shall comfort you and me,
For the blade that He has fashioned
Is the sword of Liberty.
As France goes marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, halleluiah!
Glory, glory, halleluiah!
Glory, glory, halleluiah!
The Dawn is marching on!



George Baker Long

THE CLUB PROPHET*

When victory at last shall come
 To bless the earth again,
To blast of trumpet, roar of drum,
 We'll join in glad refrain
And honor give where it is due
 To you, brave prophet, first to you.

When skies were dark and hearts were sad
 The wild Hun strode along;
And all the world seemed going mad
 And right was lost in wrong;
Who said, "We've got 'em on the run?"
 'Twas you, wise sage, 'twas you, my son.

When every oath we knew seemed trite
 And every hope seemed vain,
Who taught us how to curse aright
 That Huns might thus be slain?
Who made new words to fit the case
 And threw them in the Kaiser's face?

Who proved the War Lord less than fool,
 Deformed in flesh and mind;
And never let his anger cool
 Nor aught his judgment blind?

When fleets and armies both were lost,
Who cried: "We'll win whate'er the cost?"

When nothing seemed to stem the flood
And forts and nations fell,
When Mars grew drunk with human blood
And Death tolled every bell;
When each day changed the world's great map,
Who said, "We've got 'em in a trap"?

And if one day the trap fell in
And next day it fell out,
Whose genial face assumed a grin,
Whose courage still was stout,
Who yelled: "We'll lead 'em quite a chase
And lure 'em further from their base"?

And so, disciple of Khayyám,
Now that the tide has turned
We thank you for each hearty damn
With which the Hun was spurned;
And though we've smiled when you have railed
We must admit you've never quailed.

*Secretary Eben F. Thompson was the Worcester Club's most outspoken optimist in the darkest days of the War. First printed in "The Spy" a paper printed by the Club during the last year of the War W. B. Scofield, editor; Aldus C. Higgins, manager.

A PLACE IN THE SUN

THE HUN'S A HUN

A Hun's a Hun, and but a Hun,
From Throne to common pack,
For one and all cry "Kamerad"
Then—stab you in the back.

So give their brazen shame a place
Forever in the sun,
That we may never quite forget
A Hun is but a Hun.

THE YANKEE

We seek no place within the Sun's bright glare,
That any people may not also share;
We ask of God to bless us where we stand,
Not that He crush some other neath His hand.

THE PROFFERED HAND*

We ask for peace and stretch our bloody hands
In friendship's name to all your ruined lands
Where German lust and torch and shell and sword
Have marked the progress of our king and lord.
We add our tears to Ocean's mighty flood
Where they shall mingle with your martyr blood.
We ask for peace—but peace with honor due—
To each sublime devoted U-boat crew.
To all the world we give our friendly hand
Oh, keep the war from our dear fatherland!

When the airplanes of the Allies bombed a few Rhine towns the Germans asked for peace.

THE NEW KRIS KRINGLE

And you shall go to jail my lad
You shall no more be free
But rest behind the prison bars
As snug, as snug can be.
You stole a second handed coat
From a second handed store
'Twill be three months at least my lad
Ere you walk out once more.
And you shall to the chair you thug
And you shall feel the thrill
Of the current racing in the wire
Which races there to kill,
For you struck a man you hated
And killed him when you struck
So snuggle in the chair my friend
And spoil the hangman's luck.
And you shall taste of shame my lass
And you shall hide your face
And many a weary year 'twill be
Ere you live down disgrace.
For you never had a license
And never saw the priest
You left your baby in the woods
A year for you at least.

What's that my lad? You needed
The coat you say you stole?
So much the worse for you my boy
The world owes you no toll.
And you, you bloody man of wrath,
What matters it if true
That your victim oft insulted
And humiliated you?
And you, you brazen hussy,
Who never were a wife,
What right had you to trifle with
Your babe's God-given life?
Don't say you loved its father
Don't say you loved it too—
You're but a shameless baggage
Your story's far from new.
Ah, welcome, William, welcome
With your accomplished Huns
You wrecked the world completely
How are your bashful sons?
We heard of crucifixions
Of well-planned plague and flame
Of hospitals bombarded
Of crimes that have no name;
But still the war is over
And you must suffer so
Why should we add a single drop

To swell your cup of woe?
Your people still adore you
And vote you boundless wealth
And send you birthday greetings
And pledge your royal health.
There's no law to really get you
No precedent to hold
We made a small inquiry
But 'twas not overbold
And everyone is happy
And children scream applause
While safe in dear old Holland
You play at Santa Claus.

JUDAS MEETS JUDAS

He rode into that mystic town
As though it were Berlin;
His head was high, his glance was keen
His cohorts made great din
Of fife and drum and trumpet blare
Which troubled the celestial air.
And yet he sat his charger well
To none did he defer
But gazed upon the populace,
While clanged his sword and spur,
As might a spoiled and haughty knight
Whose only law was armed might.

Behind him marched his royal train
As to a triumph proud;
Their hoarse shouts rent the quiet air
While left and right he bowed.
Of all who dwelt within the place
None turned to look upon his face.
Displeased he waved his arm and cried
"Curse all these sightless eyes
They are not blind but will not see
That peaceful is my guise;
My guns shall teach them wholesome fear
"However blind they all shall hear.

“Train my great guns on yonder church”
His voice was clear and cold,
“In my own realms there are no walls
That climb so high and bold.
Clip to their base those towers three
And that high dome destroy for me.”
Quick to his word the great guns roared
Their mighty shells were sped;
He looked to see the lofty spires
To earth fall, but instead
The missiles broke as bubbles might
At touch of hand, however light.

Sublime the towers still stood unscarred
Without a single stain;
The great shells burst upon the dome
But the assault was vain
And quiet laughter crept around
The warlike king who cursed the sound.
Astounded first he stood at gaze
And nursed his pride a while,
Then turned his eyes along the crowd
To catch some jeering smile;
The people gravely passed the place
And still none looked him in the face.

But from the passing crowd outstept
An old man bent with years;

On his gray hairs were ashes strewn
His cheek was wet with tears.
He came with downcast humble mien
None lowlier was ever seen.
“Great king,” he said, “come to our church
For it is yours and mine;
Tis granted us by wondrous grace
By clemency divine.
There, if at all, our souls may win
To Paradise, redeemed of sin.”

“My church, old dotard,” screamed the king,
“Your church and mine you say
Your head on yonder wall shall bleach
Before the break of day.”
He turned from the old man with scorn
To find his mighty host was gone.
All vanished like pale ghosts in air
As shadows in the sun
The men, the guns, the prancing steeds
Had vanished every one
While on the rising wind there came
Strange volces calling him by name.

He stood upon a naked plain
With the old man alone.
The warm blood in his veins turned cold
His heart seemed like a stone.

On heavy wings down swept the night
But the great church still blazed with light.
"On to the church", he hoarsely said
"Show me the shortest way
Upon these moors throughout the night
I have no wish to stay
But see you bring me safe and sound
Or you shall feed the churchyard ground"

Across the bleak and barren moor
They stumbled through the night
Their only guide the mighty church
And its unearthly light
But when they neared its massive door
The church and light were seen no more.
And mournful music filled the air
With melancholy sound
While lightning flashed from riven clouds
And thunder shook the ground
And voices sang this strange refrain
"Brothers in blood you shall remain."

"Brothers in blood" one deep voice rang
"Both stained by the same stain!
To the great church you may not come
Till both are cleansed by pain
The Christ by both of you was sold—
By one for power, by one for gold."

WELCOME HOME*

O who shall sing a song for us,
A song with a sad refrain,
To bring to our hearts the boys we knew
Who come not back again,—
A song that shall tell of sacrifice
Of murderous shot and shell,
A song that sorrows in all its notes
And sounds like a moaning knell?
O who shall sing a song for us
With wingèd notes that climb
To the very throne of God above
And blend with the heaven's chime;
A song that rings in the ears of God
With a full and fearless pride,
A song of glory to those whose souls
Were at Armageddon tried?
O who shall sing a song for us,
A song that is sweet and low,
A melody full of rest and peace
That our mothers used to know,—
A crooning song of comforting
That came at the close of day
And drove the shadows that gathered 'round
So easily far away?

And who shall sing a song for us
To welcome our fighting men
Who safe from the hell man made for man
Are with us once again?
For the song must be sad in memory
And proud of victory won
And plaintive as was the mother song
That came when the day was done,
And full of a joyous cadence
That all may understand
We welcome you, our valiant sons,
Back to your native land!

Written for the Dinner to Soldier Members at Worcester Club, June
11, 1919.

CLARA BARTON*

The Maid of France strange voices heard
That would not be gainsaid;
And you at mankind's anguished call
Ere followed where it led.

No armor bound your valiant breast,
No helm of steel your head,
But where the soldier dared his fate
You followed where he led.

And when the sullen night would hide
The wounded and the dead,
You sought the ghostly field once more
And followed where He led.

Your snowy banner ever waves,
Its cross grown deeper red;
And though our war-flags fly no more
We follow where you led.

"The Captains and the Kings depart,"
Their mighty triumph won;
Our task, to heal the wounds of war,
Is only now begun.

*Founder of American Red Cross.



William Bacon Seafeld
©1919

The Christ and the Red Cross

(DESIGN FOR WAR POSTER)

THE DRUMMER BOY*

Peace hath her victories tis said, and the man that said it
knew

The daily fight of every man, and knew his word was true;
For it's fight thru every morning, and fight thru all the day
Yes it's fight, fight and then fight, or else fall beside the way.
I find no fault with any name on any letter head

I quarrel with no label, be it green, or black, or red
But still the name of "drummer" sets my quiet blood
aglow—

I'd have the old name back again, where'er our brave boys
go

For the drummer calls us onward, to march where
danger is

And a drummer starts the music of the joyous wheels of biz.
Peace hath her victories and soon the world will move
along

Upon the great rebuilding of the ruin wrought by wrong;
And the drummer is the leader, his place is in the van
His roll and rub-a-dub will rouse the soul of every man.
He leads us through a shattered world straight to the pro-
mised land

The vibrant music of his drum gives answer to his
hand.

We're not "commercial travellers" we're "drummers" as
of yore
And we beat the call of Progress, heard above the failing
roar
Of shell and mine and musket, louder even than the
cheer
Our boys gave over yonder, shall our drum beat over
here.

*Written for the Commercial Travellers' first banquet after Armistice

THE KAISER'S BOWLING TOURNAMENT

Music: Yankee Doodle

The War Lord seemed to think the world was but a bowling
alley,
He knocked the pins to right and left his score made quite
a tally;
He bowled the best of Europe down including mighty
Russia
And all the bowling fans agreed, the odds were all on
Prussia.
A spare he scored in every frame or with one ball would
get 'em—
The pin boys worked with might and main as pins went
down to set 'em.
And for a while no one was found to trim the haughty
Kaiser
At bowling he was quite some boy, the world grew sad
Budweiser.
But Uncle Sam rolled up his sleeves and took his turn at
bowling
And all the world set up the cry "Look at this Yankee
rolling!"
He shot the balls along the boards till everybody trembled
The Kaiser's Gott was no more Gott, but some wild goat
resembled.

The pins were smashed to kindling wood, the pin boys
fled in terror
And Uncle Sam a full string rolled, without a single error.
The Kaiser then to Holland fled, he'd lost his love for
bowling,
He'll find that he has got in Dutch, for Uncle Sam's still
rolling.
So Yankee Doodle set 'em up, and Yankee Doodle dandy
Our Uncle Sam has trimmed the Huns, and on his pins he's
handy.

Worcester Co. Bowling Association was first organization in New England to give their business profits for a term of weeks to war charities. Sung at Commercial Travellers' Peace Banquet.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE*

This Welshman, master swordsman of all time!
This champion, in whose hand
Obedient rests the Saracen's light blade
And Cœur de Lion's brand!
The stolid wall of prejudice
He shatters stone by stone
And severs falsehood's filmy veil
As down the wind 'tis blown.

*"The Talisman" tells of a friendly contest between the giant Richard and the slender Saladin when the English king with his great sword cut through a solid bar of iron and Saladin with his light curved blade sliced a gossamer veil floating in the air.



William Bacon Scofield
—Gutzon Borglum, Sc.—

V E R S E S

by

WILLIAM BACON SCOFIELD



PRIVATELY PRINTED
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN

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BY WILLIAM B. SCOFIELD
WORCESTER, MASS.**

TO MY MOTHER

*Why say the story's nearly told?
Your voice rings ever young!
How can the heart be growing old,
That thrills with songs unsung?*

*Your life, serene, has taught this truth,
And made the lesson clear,
That age may seem almost like youth,
To those who have no fear.*

INTRODUCTION

THESE POEMS, MOST OF WHICH WERE WRITTEN THE LAST MONTH OF 1913 AND THE FIRST MONTH OF 1914, HAVE BEEN COLLECTED AND PRINTED TO PLEASE MY MOTHER TO WHOM THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.

THE PHOTOGRAVURES, WHICH ARE INCLUDED, ARE FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ORIGINAL CLAY MODELS MADE DURING THAT TIME.

THEY SHOW THE FIRST WORK OF THIS KIND I HAVE EVER ATTEMPTED, AND I PRESENT THEM HERE OWING TO THE KINDLY ENCOURAGEMENT I HAVE RECEIVED FROM AMERICA'S WORLD-FAMED SCULPTOR GUTZON BORGLUM.

W. B. SCOFIELD

Worcester, Massachusetts
February 8, 1914

SALUTATION

Each blade of grass, however small,
Each vine upon your garden wall,
 Its course still upward turns;
And, after countless years of night,
The sleeping rocks shall see the light
 That on God's altar burns.

The Roman gladiators' cry
Was, "We who are about to die
 Salute you." Oh! not so
Shall we the final message give,
 But, "We who are *about to live*
 Salute you," as we go.

IN HIS HOUSE

In my Father's house, He told us,

Are many mansions fair;

My time has come, I go my way

Your welcome to prepare.

There shall be place for every one,

The poor, the old, the blind,

The sick, the lame, the shaken soul

Shall lodging surely find.

For there, the shackles of the slave

I crumple in my hand;

The scarlet woman's tresses

Shall be smoothed—yea, every strand.

The slave? He bore your lash and scorn,

As I, myself, have borne,

The harlot dragged your cross of sin

On which my hands were torn.

God's messengers ride forth to do

His sure and great commands.

He holds the creatures of His will

In the hollows of His hands.

That king shall lay his sceptre down,
 Who faltered in his trust,
Some beggar win a kingly crown,
His head bowed in the dust.

For God has made, and keeps, this law,
 When mortal life is past:
The last, among you, shall be first,
 The first shall, then, be last.

AS A MAN SOWETH

Rebellious, as a proud and fallen angel,
The Emperor sat within his lonely room,
And, from his window, looked out o'er the island
Which seemed, to him, naught but a living tomb
The sun was sinking in the grieving ocean,
Its daily glory ended—night was near—
Above the roar of breakers, pounding shoreward,
From far at sea, a summons reached his ear.
A voice sonorous, mighty as the storm wind,
Which scatters ships, as sowers scatter seed;
Three times it echoed through the rock bound island
"Napoleon, the Emperor, give heed!"

When gallant troopers to red carnage gallop,
No call, like this, comes rolling o'er the field,
Nor yet, when France's eagles preen their plumage,
When conquered foemen's doom in blood is sealed;
Nor when proud Paris, in mad mood exultant,
Acclaimed his glory to the stars on high;
A sterner note rang through that startling summons,
Swelling the anguish of that clamorous cry.
It seemed the moaning of lost souls departed,
As if the world's great heart were torn in twain,
The sadness of all time was in its sorrow,
When it came booming o'er the shuddering main.

It summoned him to be a great commander
In the dark world which closely touches ours,
To lead its mighty armies on to battle,
Direct their movements, marshal all their powers.
Dire forces and all elemental evil!
That country has, of them, the full control,
Who wields them must work evil upon evil
Until the task revolts his tortured soul.
He may not choose, for he must do their bidding,
Who wins a place among that lawless horde;
He sowed the wind, and he shall reap the tempest
When he has crossed the black and treacherous ford.

Man shapes himself as blacksmith shapes the iron
Which, molten, waits the hammer's sturdy stroke;
If shaped untrue, the watchful Master sees it
And on His anvil man shall then be broke.
Work evil through your days on every planet,
Do conscious wrong with sword, or word, or pen,
You shall be mustered in the mournful legions,
And hear your sentence in the great Amen.

MORNING GLORIES

The Morning Glory, in rich robes
Of purple and of white,
Welcomes within her royal tents
The heralds of the light.

Exultingly she sees the Sun
Ride forth upon his way,
And scatters perfumes on the air
To greet the Lord of Day.

But when he mounts the upper sky,
His great shield all ablaze,
The fragile flower faints and dies
Beneath his ardent gaze.

For, all too late, the God of Fire
His shield bedims in cloud;
The Morning Glory's brilliant robes
Are her own winding shroud.

'Tis better so. She hailed the king,
In Morn's fair armour drest,
How had she mourned had she but seen
His red blood stain the West.

TOGETHER

You're fair, love, you're *my* love,
Care rides like a feather;
If rain, then the rainbow,
When we are together.

We're young, dear, we're strong, dear,
Be our Fate dour or sweet;
Ruggèd hills are smooth plains
To love's light wingèd feet.

We're old, dear, we're poor, dear.
As stars in the night
Deep down in our hearts
The old love-light is bright.

We're sad and we're lonely,
The Fall days are cold;
Let my hand meet your hand
Till the story's all told.

THE NEWSBOY'S STORY*

His body was crippled and fragile,
The worst was his queer little back;
He looked like an old-fashioned pedlar
Who carried his goods in a pack.
His work—it was papers and lunches—
He sold at the station, and then,
He polished the shoes—for a nickel—
Of most of the travelling men.

He lived with his mother and sister,
His father had wandered away.
“We manage somehow,” he once told me,
“For I make a dollar a day.”
Just the same in summer and winter
As game as a game bantam bird,
No gloom on his pinched little features,
Complaint from him never was heard.

One day he was missing. They told me
He fell on the ice-coated track.
That was all—the wheels scarcely touched him—
’Twas enough—Jim never came back.
They took him straight home, but his mother
Was away and no one knew where;

The tenement rooms were all cheerless
The walls and the floors were so bare.

They sent for his dear little sister
And called in the doctor and priest,
To comfort his body and save him
Before his poor soul was released.
But Jim, he just seemed not to see them,
Didn't care what either one said,
But stretched out his weak little fingers
And drew the scared child to his bed.

"Oh, girlie, run down to the station
Tell the boss I am weak and in pain
And ask him to send *a real live one*.
Aboard the big six o'clock train.
Don't forget to take care of mother
She means well you know, as a rule,
I'm sure she will mend your old jacket
So next week you can go to school.

Be good, for Jim wishes it, dearie,
And whether I'm here or away
Remember I'm trying to help you
As much as I can every day;
I'm sure it don't make any diff'rence,
If crippled or perfect and strong

If you only try hard as you *can* try
You'll square everything that seems wrong."

And then his brave mind seemed to wander,
"Look here! Take a straight tip from me,
I'll chuck up this ticket to heaven
Unless it will pass us all three."
Strong soul on your cross in weak body,
Fare forth on your ne'er ending quest!
The priest murmurs, bending above you,
"He chastens all those He loves best."

*Jim was a real boy and this story about him is founded on fact

MUSIC

In weakness of our flesh we suffer so
When brutal pain twists all the fibres taut
And plays upon them with his fiddle bow,
We think the prize of life is dearly bought;
Forgetting that the Master best doth know
The tone, demanded of each quivering string,
And that both pæans proud and dirges low
In wondrous music to His heaven ring.



The Two Natures

CAST IN ONE MOLD

Why should your features lean and face austere
 Grow, 'neath my unskilled fingers, in the clay;
Fingers agrope, like blind men in the sun,
 Uncertain if life stirs to greet the day?

Till, suddenly, a hand is on them laid,
 A friendly voice comes, whispering, on the ear,
The blind, responsive to the touch and sound,
 May almost see the life of which they hear.

And I, adrowse, scarce saw you while I wrought,
Till, suddenly, a voice said, as you came,
 "Behold *the god in man* of early days
 With will of iron and with heart of flame."

You, also, *beast in man*, my fingers made
 From out the self-same clay, of it a part.
Your visage, leering, shows your wayward will
 And all the passions of your lustful heart.

Cast in one mold from the first natal day,
 The two in one; the noble,—base in mind,—
The gift *and* curse! By whom were they bestowed
 Together, on the race of human kind?

FLOWERS OF THE GARDEN

O, the flowers of the garden,
How they bud, how they bloom,
 And dance in a wonderful way;
How they bow to the breeze,
How they nod at the trees,
 Like sweet little children at play.

O, the flowers of the garden,
How they smile at the sun,
 And laugh, when they're caught in the rain;
And when they are kissed
By the mischievous mist,
 They hold up their faces again.

Bright flowers of my garden,
How you droopt in the heat,
 And fell, at the winter's first blast;
Yet, you gave all you had
That my heart might be glad—
 And I know you, for angels, at last.

JOHN THE ORANGE MAN*

Ye gentlemen from Harvard,
Who sit at home at ease,
Who have your wives and babies
A'clustering round your knees;
For whom the gates of Fortune
Swing wide as e'er they can,
Ye think no more, I fear me,
Of John, the orange man.

But he, who since the old days,
Has fought for place or pelf;
Has won no home, no gold, no wife,
And scarcely keeps himself;
Has been a leader only
In Disappointment's van —
His thoughts, I fancy, oftentimes turn
To John, the orange man.

Oh, when your 'poco' wouldn't bid
For ancient hats or hose,
When 'goody' from a favorite bust
Had wrenched its honored nose;
When in your lonely chamber
The spark of hope you'd fan,
'Twould blaze up bright at "How now frind?"
From John, the orange man.

John's fruit was yours, an' if you could
Or could not raise the wind,
He'd trust you for a dozen
And say, "No matter frind."
The all you need, today, is trust,
To make some great scheme pan;
But do you meet the friendly faith
Of John, the orange man?

Oh I have seen him caper,
Like a fakir in a fit,
Whene'er a Harvard batsman
Made a solid three-base hit,
And I have seen his apples roll,
Unheeded, on the field
When the crimson nine or 'leven,
At last, were forced to yield.

His lungs were never very strong,
His thorax out of gear,
But his feeble shout of 'Herverd!'
Was worth a mighty cheer.
He was loyal to the marrow,
Chock-full of hope and vim,
His very whiskers crimson,—
That's why they grew on him.

So, gentlemen from Harvard,
Who sit at home at ease,
Ye all may read the moral
In the story if ye please;
And whatever fate betide us,
Let us strive as best we can,
To keep the strong and simple faith
Of John, the orange man.

*Written for the Decennial Dinner of the Class of '87 Harvard.
First printed by the Class.

TO-DAY*

I have no time but the Present,
I know neither Future nor Past
The God of Now has claimed me
And I serve him to the last.
Forgotten is Yesterday's battle,
To-morrow's I win — if I may —
With foot firm in the stirrup,
I ride in the great To-day.

*Suggested by Harry Worcester Smith's motto, "Today"

“MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE”

I have a coat, a rough old coat,
I'll change it for no other;
No brand new coat can take its place
Though like it as twin brother.
It sets across the shoulders fine,
'Tis warm in any weather,
I'll never part from my old coat
If it only holds together.

I have a chair, an old, old chair
And in it I feel cozy;
I light my pipe and tilt me back—
The world looks right and rosy.
Of course some chairs must cost a heap,
Built more for show than wear,
And you may have 'em every one,
I'll keep my good old chair.

I have a home, a simple home,
It suits my taste completely;
We keep no maid, and yet, the wife
She runs it mighty neatly.
I've heard of homes like palaces,
Of Greece and ancient Rome,
I guess they're kind o' lonesome like,
Not like my own old home.



The Jester

THE JESTER

Life is no king, a mere pretender he,
Not even royal bastard, but a clown
Whose smiles are painted—as you all may see—
His garb is motley, tinsel is his crown.

Yet he beguiles us 'neath the mighty tent
Formed by the dome of softly swaying skies;
Our ears unto his foolish jests are lent
And all his hackneyed tricks delight our eyes.

The clown is master of the world-ring show,
He cracks his whip, we throng the sawdust stage;
Led by the knave, we through his antics go,
Flushed by his praise and pallid at his rage.

When we have jumped through all his paper hoops,
Essayed each feat he bade us to attempt,
He turns upon his foolish, doting dupes
And looks us over in his cool contempt.

The games are ended! Life has struck his tents.
The failing lights are flickering farewell;
The sullen music sounds its sad laments—
Where is the Jester gone? Ah, who shall tell!

THE BUMBLE-BEE

In the Fairy's garden

All kinds of flowers grow,
Bright and sweet and beautiful

A'standing row on row;
And among them always,
A'winging here and there,
Wheel the busy bumble-bees
The bandits of the air.

All those hustling honeybees
Fly from flower to flower,
Stealing sweets from every one
Flirting hour by hour.

Once a little lily looked
On a wayward bee
"Stop," she cried, "your wilful flight
Or never visit me."

All for answer glanced his wings,
As buzzed the wicked bee,
"I will go where'er I please,
You cannot fly," said he.
So the lovely lily wept
And struggled to be free,
To follow in the circling path
Of that audacious bee.

The Fairy of the garden
Saw her weep and heard her sigh;
"Oh, weep no more," she whispered,
"But become a butterfly."
The white and gleaming petals changed
To brilliant quivering wings,
No longer to a homely stalk
The little lily clings;

For, poised upon a sunbeam,
She was wafted here and there,
And saw all kinds of butterflies
Like jewelled leaves in air.
And once—she saw that dusty bee,
And thought as she sailed by,
"Of humble bees you were the best,
But—you're no butterfly!"

THE TREE AND THE LEAVES

With foliage of tender green
A stately maple tree did screen
 Its life-stirred limbs in Spring;
The breeze, a wanton fickle elf,
Wooing the young leaves to himself,
 Amongst them e'er did sing.

The Summer passed, the Autumn came,
When leaves in brilliant colors flame;
 The tree was proud and glad.
With the Autumn fade her treasures,
Sings the wind in harsher measures,
 The mother tree is sad.

The wild wind waved his frosty rood,
Forgotten was the gentler mood
 In which he wooed before.
He smote the tree with wintry blast
And every dying leaf, at last,
 From its frail hold he tore.

Or else, he howled in mocking tone
"Why do you toss your arms and moan?
 Another Spring comes soon,

When other leaves, as fair and bright,
Shall make you beauteous to the sight;
 Why do you sigh and croon?"

The mournful maple, in despair,
But tossed her branches dry and bare,
 No answer made she then.
Though other leaves might come, she knew
The sere, dead leaves that her roots strew,
 Could never live again.

It is not so. Some far off Spring,
Those changed and living leaves, shall bring
 When they to birds have grown;
Unrecognized, by you and me,
They all shall visit that old tree
 And shall, by her, be known.

THE RIDDLE OF RIDDLES

When Dinosaurus walked the earth
In prehistoric time,
He found vile microbes in his food
Whether 'twas shale or slime.
Whether he Fletcherized or not
They passed right down the line
To his great inner caverns, where
They found the living fine.

The better they enjoyed themselves
The worse he seemed to feel.
Old Doctor Mastodon came in
And ordered with each meal
A ton of boulders, pulverized,
And some salt ocean drink;
And, though the boulders made him bold,
He weaker grew, I think.

The bugs all blessed him, as a god,
Called him their Universe;
He laid him down upon the sod
And signalled for the hearse.
Their wretched, small activities
Had spoiled their own, snug nest,

They perished, with their universe,
And laid them down to rest.

Then prehistoric man stepped forth,
And other bugs got him;
He scratched the old earth's face with force,
The bugs, in turn, showed vim.
He ate, whatever came his way,
And this is likewise true,
The more he ate, the more the bugs,
Complacently, would chew.

He passed along, and modern man
Took up the sorry fight;
He eats and drinks and vaunts his strength,
The bugs in him delight.
They have their armies warring o'er
Each organ in his frame,
They tussle for his marrowbone
Without remorse or shame.

Their parliaments, within his form,
Enact this law and that;
And small microbic magnates, too,
On privilege grow fat.
And clubs are formed, and social cliques,
And royalties a few;

All that the man himself has done,
These microbes also do.

Their navies sail within his veins,
And explorations start
From out their great metropolis

We call the human heart.
His body is their world, and yet,
Some microbe savants hold
His mighty bulk, itself, is ruled
By One, outside, untold.

In college lectures they declare,
'Though grateful still for food,
Some other than the man himself
Is their great primal Good.
And, while the feast and talk runs on,
This much is plain and true,
Whatever gods we have and hold,
Th' unbroken law is, "chew."

We are, ourselves, but microbes small
Vexing our own great world,
And on its suffering bosom
Our banners are unfurled.
We send our navies through *her* veins
We break her rock ribs through;

Whatever we have done to her
The earth, herself, will do.

For she, herself, a microbe dwells
In some vague, monstrous shape;
She mimics its great attributes
As bugs, and men, do ape—
It's all a box within a box,
All just alike as peas,
The only difference seems to be
Those bigger are than these.

At last, the poor old earth will die,
Killed by her parasites;
A'wearying of the struggle
To get her woman's rights.
Poor suffragette, quite, quite worn out,
With you all humans perish,
But you, pale planet, well embalmed,
Your form some one will cherish;

A lifeless moon, but sterilized,
At last a harmless organ
And, worthily, a portion of
Some vast celestial Morgan.

WHENCE CAME YOU?

From what fair Paradise you came
Unto this lowly earth,
From what far heights you stept you down
To this poor mortal birth,
We know not, and perchance e'en you,
Yourself, can scarce recall
More, than a fragment, of the scenes
Within that garden's wall.

Yet, one late day, as you looked forth
And saw this whirling star,
Whose feeble light reached your clear eyes,
A signal, from afar,
You bent your queenly head and heard
Our lamentations rise;
You stayed you not but sought us out
In woman's sweet disguise.

And well we know that in your soul
Shines, steadfast, your white star,
Unlike the lurid fires of earth
That sear, and leave a scar.



Mountains of The Moon

FOR THE WORK'S SAKE

The "nigger laster"* closely mimics man,
Or certain motions that a man may make;
And it is called, in slurring fashion, so
Because a Negro, toiling after hours,
When his day's work was over in the shop,
Sat nightly in his dimly lighted room
And from waste bits of wood the model wrought.
And when the sacrificial task was done,
The shoe-shops of the world accepted it
To last their shoes, and he, soon after, died
A victim to disease which all along,
Had made his lonely labor seem so hard.

Had I the spark divine 'twould be my task,
To set on canvas clear this dark skinned man,
Or mold his likeness in enduring bronze.
Or sing some song that should rehearse the deed;
Not to give him the mocking martyr crown
Of great achievement, painfully upflung,
Not that his name might take its rightful place
Among earth's greatest ones—but just for this—
That the deed's self might never quite be lost,
Its lesson all unlearned by all mankind.
Black, friendless, lonely, sick and undismayed
A nameless benefactor passed this way.

Oh you, who waste a ballad strangely sweet
To your young mistress and her flirting fan;
And you, whose futile brush, in flattery,
Sir Pompous' painted features still portrays;
E'en you who glibly prate of Heaven and Hell
And you who serve the state to serve yourselves,
Seek useful labor for your brush and pen;
Show us those men—the lesser Christs—who all
Wrought miracles with brain and hand as He
Who walked, and worked, and died, a man with men;
Then leave to God, or Fate, or what you please,
Those other problems which must follow these.

*This name is given to a lasting machine used in shoe factories.
The inventor of it is said to have been a negro or half-breed.



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